00052499

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016

LYRICS

OF THE

HEART AND MIND.

BY

MARTIN F. TUPPER,

AUTHOR OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

52499

"POSCIMUR:—"

LONDON

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & CO.

25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.

00052499

821 : 8
Tup / L98
524199

Notice.

FROM a somewhat bulky portfolio of new and miscellaneous manuscripts, I have been induced to select a small Christmas present for my friends, in the shape of the following Lyrics. Most of them have been written very lately; and (in all cases, except three or four, a sample of certain fugitives unclaimed by me till now) they have not hitherto been printed. My friendly reader is requested to regard these effusions, in the main, not as cold pieces of poetical artifice deliberately carved and gilt; but, as they really have grown up from time to time, the natural crop of occasion and circumstance. May they both please and in their measure do good, as witnessing from heart to heart, from mind to mind.

M. F. T.

ALBURY, GUILDFORD.
Christmas 1854.

Another Lustrum.

AGAIN, THUS FAR: the world goes whirling on,
And each man's life is full of chance and change,
While all withal that seems so new and strange
Looks like an old familiar soon as done:
So must the Soul, that up and down doth range
Restless and energetic, set up straight
Its Runic record ever and anon,
Or pile its cairn of pebbles, one by one,
To mark the ways that lead to Duty's gate;
And I, much musing in mine ivied grange,
Thankful for life at such a busy time,
And earnest, though much erring every way,
Often fling out my way-side heap of rhyme
To rest some wearied traveller, as it may.

Contents.

	PAGE
These Days	1
The Heart's Harvest	6
Human Life	9
Attractions	14
Repulsions	15
Each One of Us	16
Warmth	19
The Mingled Cup	22
Patience; the False	26
Patience; the True	27
A Maxim of Peace	28
Self-restraint	31
A Word of Wisdom	32
Individuality	34
The Sense of Wrong	37
The Sense of Right	39
What we all feel	41
The Gentleman	43
Warning	47
The Heart and the Mind	49
The Common Complaint	52

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ANSWERED	54
THE FIELD, THE WORLD	56
TO A GENEROUS YOUTH	57
TIME'S HONOUR	59
A THOUGHT IN A THOROUGHFARE	60
SILENCE	63
THE GOOD AND THE TRUE	65
CHAOS CRYSTALLIZING	68
GOOD AND EVIL	71
STRANGE ATTRIBUTES	72
CRUELTY: AS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS BROTHER	73
CRUELTY: AS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS BEAST	77
BLUCHER'S "FORWARDS!"	81
ASPIRE	84
PROVIDENTIAL HINTS	87
THE HEART'S YOUTHFULNESS	88
FRATERNAL EGOTISM	89
CALCULATED COMFORT	90
PARADISE LOST	91
CHEERFULNESS	92
LIBERTY	94
COURAGE	98
LONG AGO	100
IN A DROUGHT	101
IN A FROST.—The 25th of April, 1854	103
ADDED, IN AUGUST	105
TANGLEY POND	106
WAIT	109
CHOBHAM	110
SPITHEAD	111
THE BURNT CHURCH	112
FOR THE MADEIRA FAMINE-FUND	115
THE LOST ARCTIC	117
TRUTH	120
DUTY	122
MOVING ON	124
USED UP	127
INFLUENCES	132
HEAR THE CHURCH	133

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
To a so-called "Anglo-Catholic"	134
The White Oak; by Postford Brook	137
The Service-Yew; on Merrow Downs	141
A Song for Rifle-Clubs	146
The Departure of the Baltic Fleet	147
The Soldier Comforted	150
Woes for the Czar	152
This War	156
The Cause	157
Hymns for our Day of Prayer, on the Declaration of War:—	
I.—"O God! our Refuge and Defence"	158
II.—"Be gracious, Lord, to us"	160
Harvest Hymn for 1854	162
Second Hymn	164
England Approved	166
A Reply to Certain	167
The Gone Before	168
A. E. T.	170
Alice	172
In Memoriam W. G. T.	177
Blindness	179
On a Child still-born	180
Winterhalter's Royal Children	182
Genius bound: a Model	183
The Paris Gathering	184
Progress	187
True Nobility	188
Railway Times	191
An Aspiration	195
The Heart's Gallop	196

LYRICS

OF THE HEART AND MIND.

These Days.

I.

Haste! the poor old Earth is dying,—
Do God service while you can;
Haste! too hurriedly is flying
All this halcyon chance of man;
Haste! for Time shall be no longer;—
All Creation seems to tend
In a rapid ever stronger
To that cataract, The End!

II.

Lo! the cycled years revolving
Turn to their first goal again,—
Every Sphynx-enigma solving,
Every riddle reading plain;
All things speak to man sublimely
With Apocalyptic mouth,
Nature's consummation timely
Telling out from North to South!

III.

Yea, what privilege and gladness
Dwell with modern men and things,
Vainly waited for in sadness
By old prophets and old kings!
Children see what sages doubted,
Peasants know what patriarchs guess'd,—
And the sword of Truth has routed
Every lie from East to West.

IV.

Ancient wrongs are being righted,—
Ancient rights lift up the head;
Savage realms and tribes benighted
Rise to life as from the dead;
Ignorance is out of season,
Wickedness is glad to hide,—
Nothing stands but faith and reason,
Nothing falls but sin and pride.

V.

We, in days so full and fleeting,
Spend our lives on eagles' wings,
Throng'd by marvels marvels meeting,
Flock'd about by wondrous things;
Every day the whole world's history
Spread out map-like stirs the mind,
Every day some ripen'd mystery
Stands consummate for mankind.

VI.

Nineveh with ghostly message
Rises from her mounded graves;
Polar Ice has clued the Passage
Winding through its hummock'd waves;
Saurian monsters crawl before us,—
Storms their whirling laws avow,—
All Creation shouts in chorus,
"Nothing shall be secret now!"

VII.

Earth's forgotten wastes and corners,
Peopled thick through gold broadcast,
Tell the scoffers and the scorners
How she is "subdued" at last:
God commands; and nothing frees us
Till that word we all obey,—
Even China bows to Jesus,
Even Africa doth pray!

VIII.

Ravel-skeins of old beginnings
  Tapestried around the Cross,—
And Creation's final winnings
  Well outbalancing her loss,—
All subdued, and all replenish'd,
  All things, sealing up the sum,
Preach, how nearly, It is finish'd,
  Tell how soon the Christ will come!

The Heart's Harvest.

I.

How little we know of each other!
How lightly and loosely are known!
How seldom is brother with brother
The same as he is when alone;
Though relatives round a man gather,
Though cordial he seem with his friend,
Not even the child and its father
As spirit with spirit can blend!

II.

The depths of a man are not sounded,
The heights of his thoughts are not seen,
The breadth of his feelings unbounded
Is veil'd by Society's screen;
We none of us heed what a greatness
Is hidden away in the Heart
That, mask'd in a well-bred sedateness,
Is playing its company part.

III.

O Soul! that in solitude yearnest
For tenderer knowledge of friends,
The intimate, honest, and earnest,
Untainted by Self and its ends,—
Alas! for the lies of romances,
And stolid reality's truth;
Alas! for the generous fancies
That gladden'd a man in his youth!

IV.

Not here, where in spirit thou starvest,
Athirst for the flagons of love,
Not here—is the happy heart-harvest
That gladdens the blessed above;
In heavenly meads we may reap it,—
But now the heart's garden is found
With scarcely one flower to keep it
Mapp'd out from the wilderness round!

V.

Those "spirits made perfect" in glory!
I long their companion to be,—
That Love's ever-musical story
Be sung by those reapers—and me;
That Heart may discover its treasures
Unfearing, to dear ones above,
And all the full harvest of pleasures
Be reap'd by the Spirit of Love!

Human Life.

I.

By the waste of toil and treasure
For so slender gains,—
By the poor amount of pleasure
Bought of many pains,—
By the hopes and fears unceasing
Both in turn put out,—
By the worries still increasing
With their rabble rout,—

Human Life, thou robe of Nessus!
We are clad in cares;
And the very joys that bless us
Are but snakes and snares;
And the troubles and the trials,
Somehow wisely sent,
Turn to seem pernicious vials
Pour'd in punishment!

II.

By each vast anticipation
And its meagre fact,—
By so slight appreciation
Of each generous act,—
By the coldness, and the meanness
In too many found,—
By the hard unkindly keenness
Watching all around,—

Human Life, thou face of Gorgon!
We are harden'd up,
And each sympathetic organ
Freezes at thy cup,
And affection's purest feeling
Curdles into gall,
And Religion's touch of healing
Does not sweeten all!

III.

By the Past,—a word of sadness
Wet with silly tears;
By the Present,—promised gladness
Cheating us for years;
By the Future,—dread enigma,
Who shall guess its truth?
By Fame's breath, and Slander's stigma
Vexing Age and Youth;—

Human Life, O bitter sweetness,
Chequer'd white and black,—
Yet dost thou achieve a meetness
Which thy children lack;
Whatsoe'er the wind or weather,
Joy it is to tell
All things work for good together
And shall yet be well!

IV.

By the thousand tints of Beauty
Dropt on every side,—
By the magic thought of Duty
Whatsoe'er betide,—
By the mercies yet about us
Little understood,
By all else within, without us,
Ministering good,—

Human Life! O wondrous story!
Full of light and shade,
Soon shalt thou be lit with glory
That can never fade;
Soon Affection and Ambition
Shall be fully blown,
And Our Life achieve its mission
On a Royal Throne!

Attractions.

Love must have loveliness to feed upon,
Or he shall starve: the beautiful, the pure,
The sister-spirit's innocent sweet lure
Drawing out fragrance like a gentle sun,—
The frankness, yet the tenderness, of truth
Nourishing up for their immortal youth
The nurselings of Affection one by one,—
With charities, and looks and voices kind,
The gracious heart, the free and generous mind,—
These are Love's intimates, his brotherhood,
Joy of his soul and apple of his eye,
The noble and the comely and the good;
But if such true companions be not nigh,
He pines away for want of spirit-food.

Repulsions.

Love is akin to Peace, that mother's child,
Dying of clamour: love, the lamp of life,
Shines as a moon in harvest, mellow and mild,
Not flaring up with Etna's fiery strife:
Love shrinks from all contention; gentle things,
The charitable thought and word and deed,
The patient cheerfulness that sits and sings,
Plying its daily duty, well agreed
With all around,—here Love may fold his wings:
But he shall spread them, hasting to be freed
From meannesses and strifes; the jealous look,
The jarring nerves of a discordant tongue,
He cannot dwell with these; and will not brook
Such poison-asps his flowers and fruits among.

Each One of Us.

I.

MAN! weak insect, poor and proud,
Atom, lost amid the crowd,
Ever pushing on through life
Buffeted by sinful strife,—
Man! mere drop of all those seas,
Leaf among the forest trees,
Paltry pebble on the shore
Heap'd by myriad myriads more,—

Man! mean item in the list,
Hardly counted, little miss'd,
Unconsider'd and unknown,
Lightly cared for, left alone,
Daily toiling in thy lot,
And, when dead, remember'd not,—
Man! how evil is thy state,
Cold, and stern, and desolate!

II.

Man! rare chrysalis of Light
Watch'd and nurst by angels bright,
Heir of Grandeurs! soon to be
Ripen'd and reveal'd in thee,—
Man! true claimant of the Skies,
Owner of Creation's prize,
Waiting meek at Glory's door,
King among ten thousand more,—

Man! great end of all beside,
To the LORD OF ALL allied,—
Undiscover'd lump of gold,
Spring unseal'd of joys untold,
In thy duties daily blest,
And—when all are done—at Rest;
Man! how beauteous and divine
Is this low estate of thine!

Warmth.

I.

Writer, whosoe'er thou art,
Speaker, on whatever theme,
Write and speak from heart to heart,
Truly being what you seem;
Thoughts and words alone have power
When they reach us quick and fresh,
And the spirit of the hour
Turns these stones to hearts of flesh!

II.

Living truth, that bubbles hot
Like a Geyser in the soul,
Boils and steams and slackens not
Till it overflows its bowl;
Strongly runs the current then,
Swiftly all the sluices fill,
And the swollen hearts of men
Make a river to thy will!

III.

Who can wonder that in vain
Scores of dullards preach for years,
Lulling conscience to its bane
Fast asleep in hopes and fears?
All is death: each fossil thought
Word-embedded lies in clay,
And no heart is touch'd or taught
To feel, to tremble, or to pray.

IV.

It is not eloquence, nor skill,
Nor any human power or art,
That surely sways another's will,
Controls his life and cheers his heart:
It is the frank and earnest plan
Of simple truth sincerely spoken,
That breaks the spirit of a man,
Or heals it up however broken!

V.

Seek then a living Warmth within
To work with vital force without;
Drive from thee selfishness and sin,
And lure thy timorous graces out;
Then write or speak what impulse wills,
And no man shall withstand the power
That from the lip of truth distils
In quicken'd feeling's thrilling hour.

The Mingled Cup.

I.

HAPPIER under other skies,
—So dreams man—
Happier, link'd with other ties,
Better, worthier, and more wise,
Were Life's plan:

II.

Anyhow but as things are,
—So man dreams—
Born beneath some kindlier star
Surely Life were nobler far
Than now seems!

III.

Most of us are dreamers here,
Wishing a change;
Athirst to spice our common cheer,
This dull routine of daily sphere,
With new and strange.

IV.

Most are murmurers, kicking still
Against our lot;
Unbelieving GOD'S wise will,
That portions human good and ill,
And favours not.

V.

Discontent looks on, and longs,
Envying other;
Counting up his scars and wrongs
Each man covets what belongs
To his brother!

VI.

Meantime, Duty's leaf and flower
Both must wither;
And, for Peace of Mind,—each hour
Breeds its harpies to devour,
Flapping hither.

VII.

Then does Life, so vain at best,
Pine more weakly,
Vampires draining it of rest,
Where Contentment had been blest
Bearing meekly.

VIII.

Oh! let be; thy fate is fixt,
Cast by Heaven;
Future, Past, and all betwixt
Is a chalice shrewdly mixt,—
Must and leaven:

IX.

Well fermented, weal and woe
Make soul's wine,—
And hereafter thou shalt know
How Life's bitter yeast below
Doth refine.

X.

Earth may make thee taste her gall,
Or drink it up;
But Heaven shall make amends for all
When thou dost keep high festival
At God's own cup.

Patience; the False.

But this dead level,—Patience; what a change
From Passion's craggy glens and crested heights!
What a dull ebb,—stagnation sad and strange
From Feeling's tide of boundless ocean range
With flooding hopes and terrors and delights!
O Patience,—yet thou hast a baser name
Cut in the flint of man's enduring heart,—
Callous contempt alike of scorn and fame,
Self, well resign'd to play the Stoic part,
Or truer, as an Epicure, to stand
Balancing present comforts in the hand
With cold philosophy: see, that thou disown
This evil fruit of worldly trouble sown
Which Man calls Patience, God, the heart of stone:

Patience; the True.

THE martyr'd spirit that can shrink and feel,
Gently enduring long; the generous mind
After ill-usage waiting to be kind;
The man, who for his enemy can kneel
And beg from Heav'n forgiveness to his sin;
The outraged heart, all tenderness within,
Though like a hero plated up in steel;
These be the Patient ones whom GOD approves:
HE wills no feeling quench'd, no hope destroy'd;
HE claims affection's life, the warmth of zeal,
All noblest active impulses and loves
Energized and encouraged and enjoy'd,—
Then counsels Patience; with her oily balm
Lulling life's roughening surface to a calm.

A Maxim of Peace.

Never have regrets, brother,
But for sake of sin;
The treacherous heart within
All too soon forgets, brother,
How it felt, and was, in thought,
Acting out the thing it ought.

All thy will was well, brother,
Well didst thou deserve;
Circumstance might swerve,
But, the truth to tell, brother,
Consequences none foresee
Never need be cares to thee.

Always for the best, brother,
Hourly hast thou striven;
Though to be forgiven,
This shall be thy test, brother,—
Did not honest zeal obey
Duty's impulse every day?

What seem'd then so right, brother,
Let no censure now,
No unkindly brow,
Damage in thy sight, brother;
Yesterday did what it could;
Scorn not thou its humbler good!

To thyself be true, brother;
Yield not to regret;
Nor thy spirit fret
To do, or to undo, brother,
What is now beyond thy skill;
Facts are facts, do what we will,

Every Present seems, brother,
Girt about with friends;
Every Future sends
Glory to thy dreams, brother;
But we all condemn too fast
The friendless and the hopeless Past.

Scorn not what thou wast, brother,—
Trust not what thou art;
Watch thy coward heart;
Look to that thou hast, brother;
Nothing is within thy power,
But the swiftly passing hour.

Therefore do not set, brother,
Sorrow on the past;
When the die is cast
Never nurse regret, brother:
Only for thy sin be sad,
For all beside be wisely glad!

Self-restraint.

THEE from thyself to rescue and to save,
O man! is GOD'S salvation; other foes
Were easier conquest, even to the grave:
And for this end our GOD commandment gave
That, all things whereby Nature works, in those
Should man resist, lest he should be their slave:
"Thou shalt not"—is the law; however hot
Be wrath, or covetous wish, or low desire,
Or any selfish purpose, thou shalt Not:
Within thee lies a hidden fount of fire,
And, if with evil thou dost fan a blaze,
Woe, for the flaming house; if self-control
Chastens its fierceness into genial rays,
Rejoice! it glows the hearth-fire of the soul.

A Word of Wisdom.

MAKE the best of all things,
As thy lot is cast;
Whatsoe'er we call things,
All is well at last,
If meanwhile in cheerful power
Patience rules the suffering hour.

Make the best of all things,—
Howsoe'er they be;
Change may well befall things
If it's ill with thee;
And if well, this present joy
Let no future fears destroy.

Make the best of all things,—
That is Wisdom's word;
In the day of small things
Is its comfort heard,—
And its blessing soothes not less
Any heyday of success.

Make the best of all things;
Discontent's old leaven
Falsely would forestall things
Antedating heaven,—
But smile thou and rest content,
Bearing trials wisely sent.

Individuality.

I.

Measure not thyself with others,—
Heed the work thou hast to do;
Each man's duty, not his brother's,
Is his goal to keep in view:
Nature, circumstance, and station,
With what God from each exacts
As his tribute to Creation,
These decide our aims and acts.

II.

Every creature fitly fashion'd
Hath its being's final cause;
And our minds and hearts impassion'd
Beat with individual laws:
All are various, differing measures
Fill us each with power to work,
And the spirit's special treasures
Latent in each bosom lurk.

III.

How shouldst thou declare the causes
That have wrought thy brother thus?
Plastic Wisdom never pauses
In such modelling of us:
How canst thou suggest the reasons
For his baser life or lot?
Matter has its changing seasons,
Why should Spirit vary not?

IV.

Shall the Arctic blame the Torrid?
Shall the East defame the West?
Shall the foot rebuke the forehead
That it thinks in lazy rest?
Every creature to its mission,
Every bullet to its mark,
Every man in his condition
Wanted for the Church's Ark!

V.

Scorn not,—envy not,—and judge not:
Scorn is Folly's cruel wife;
And, for Envy,—Churl, begrudge not
Some poor brother's luck in life;
And, for Judgment,—to our Master
Singly we must stand or fall;
Life's Foreknower, and Forecaster,
Wills, and weighs, and shapes it all!

The Sense of Wrong.

I.

Swollen torrent, dark and deep,
Rushing down the rocky steep,—
Tempest-driven cloud on high
Scudding wildly through the sky,—
Dread volcano, muttering death
From red hot lips with burning breath,—
Scarce shall these in type reveal
What the nobler spirits feel
When, in silence stern and strong,
They wrestle with the Sense of Wrong.

II.

Ha!—when insult hisses near,
Or scorn drops hemlock on the ear,
Or fraud has triumph'd over right,
Or gentleness is mock'd by might,
Or only, worth is seen unprized,
Or only, honour goes despised,
Then in a whirlwind chafes along
The soul beneath a Sense of Wrong.

III.

Yes,—Patriot of a race downtrod;
Yes, Martyr for a slander'd God;
Yes, Man of large and liberal mind
Wroth with the meanness of mankind;
Yes, all who love the lovely still,
And hate the vile with right good will;
Your hearts can echo to my song,
And ache beneath the Sense of Wrong!

The Sense of Right.

CALM in well-deserving,
Happy at the heart,
Duty does his part
Stedfast and unswerving.

How should it affect him
If some mocking-birds
Clamour at his words,
Or the world neglect him?

Conscience is the treasure
Lock'd within his breast,—
What were all the rest
To that inner pleasure?

Brother, sunk in sorrow,
Find thy balm within;
To-day a comfort win
Before the heavenly Morrow.

Feed upon this blessing
Though thy path be rough,
Let it be enough
Such a grace possessing:

And when wrongs come near thee
Crowding to the fight,
Let the Sense of Right
Make thee strong and cheer thee!

What we all feel.

Ah! Life,—so purposeless yet steep'd in self,
I do confess thee, yea I do condemn thee,
So pack'd with pleasure, or so plann'd for pelf,
I do denounce thee, yea I do contemn thee.

Ah! Life,—so changeful, yet so dull and tame,
I dread and doubt thee, while I must despise thee,
So lotteried, and still so blank the same,
I wait and hope, despairing while I prize thee.

Ah! Life,—be better; yet thou hast no crime
Thus to abjure, for still thy will is worthy;
Only thou weepest for the flight of time,
And that thou art too useless and too earthy.

Ah! Life,—enduringly I watch and wait;
Winter is patient, till the day be lengthen'd,
And well-ripe fruit, delay'd but not too late,
Comes of a root by frosty sorrow strengthen'd.

The Gentleman.

I.

Not alone by generous birth
(Greatly though it fashions men)
Not by all the wealth of earth,
Not by all the talents ten,
Not by beauty, nor by wit,
No, nor manners well refined,—
Is that name of honour writ
On the forehead of the mind.

II.

Poverty retains it oft,
With the peasant it hath dwelt,
And its influence sweet and soft
In the scholarless been felt;
Lowly birth, and sorrow's power,
All that want of all things can,
Have not marr'd—nor made—one hour
That true knight, the Gentleman.

III.

Charity,—unselfish zeal
Lest a sorrow or a shame
Any one be made to feel
Undeserving scorn or blame,—
Dignity,—the generous sense
That himself is heir outright
To that heritage immense,
King and priest of worlds of light,—

IV.

Lowliness of heart withal,—
Purity of word and life—
Courage,—not for arms to call
But to quell insurgent strife,—
Honour,—for the good and true
With Bayard to guard the van,—
And what Courtesies are due,
These make up the Gentleman.

V.

Ay, Sir calm and cold and proud,
Trust me, for the word is true,
There are thousands in the crowd
Finer gentlemen than you;
More,—for all your courtly birth
And each boon by fortune given,
Know that gentlemen of earth
Are always gentle sons of heaven.

VI.

Chesterfields, and modes, and rules
For polish'd age or stilted youth,
And high breeding's choicest schools
Need to learn this deeper truth,
That to act, whate'er betide,
Nobly on the Christian plan,
This is still the surest guide
How to be the Gentleman.

Warning.

THINK not, O man, that strong Temptation's hour,
For all thy might of mind, is past to thee;
Dream not, presumptuous, that thy state is free
From evil chance and change and Satan's power.

Hot Nature still may vex thy soul within,
And fire its house with wantonness or strife,
Still can thy heart make shipwreck of its life,
And drown in gulphs of dark tumultuous sin.

How canst thou guess the trials coming near,
Or whether some lost spirit be not sent
To lure thy pride to some due punishment,
For that, high minded, thou hast cast off fear?

O never is there safety for the soul
Out of true humbleness; the purest saint
Shall burst through grace, and habit's good constraint,
If lust and pride within him win control.

Then, be thou ware, frail creature! watch and pray;
Thou hast no stores, but only manna given;
Go, flee temptation at the gates of heaven,
And humbly ask thy daily bread to-day.

The Heart and the Mind.

I.

Warm heart, soft heart, generous and gentle,
Full of sweet affections, sympathies, and loves,—
How thou transcendest all the merely mental,
How dost thou exceed in all The Holy One approves!
In affliction's hour
Gracious in thy power
Tenderly thou comfortest, a sister in distress,—

And when matters brighten,
How thy smiles enlighten
Every one that looks on thee, an angel sent to bless,
Every eye that lights from thee its torch of happiness!

II.

Clear mind, keen mind, wall'd about with greatness,
Conqueror unconquerable over human ill,
Theban Colossus sitting in sedateness,
How art thou in majesty a mighty spirit still!
In the day of trouble,
Though its grief be double
Gloriously thou triumphest above the battle-din,
And when, after sadness,
All is turn'd to gladness,
Thou remainest calm, a true philosopher within,
Calm amidst a universe of folly, strife and sin!

III.

Great heart! great mind! be ye both united,
Knit in holy wedlock, mind and heart as man and wife,—
So shall the soul, to strength and beauty plighted,
Bring forth all its precious fruits in perfect Christian life!
Ever full of feeling,
Yet the spirit steeling
Sturdily against the wrongs and troubles of this earth,—
Ever strong and steady,
Yet in spirit ready
Heartily to pity or to love where love is worth,
Lovingly to live the life begun at second birth!

The Common Complaint.

Tyrannic Circumstance! whose jealous power
Guards every turn, and watches every hour,
With secret influences controlling still
The conduct, and the spirits, and the will,
Alas,—that each of us is seen a slave,
In fetters from the cradle to the grave!
What?—am I free? each natural bent within,
Inherited infirmity and sin,
The brain, the disposition, and the shape,
And new-hatch'd passion, slumbering or agape
With tastes inclined for normal peace or strife,
These warp the man, and mould his heart and life!

What?—am I free? each artifice without,
Wherein convention hedges us about,
Family likenesses of make and mind,
Habit, example, usage harsh or kind,
And every tone and temper all around,
These link the chain to keep the freeman bound!

Poor Gulliver, the giant of the skies,
Is tied to earth by countless petty ties;
Helpless in head and body, hands and feet,
Worried by pigmies with their arrowy sleet,
Humbled to wants, and cowed by disesteem,
And seeing things around as in a dream,
Prostrate he lies,—with all his wit and power
Made captive to the trifles of the hour!

Answered.

And yet,—What is this ruthless Circumstance?
A stolid Fate? or trivial thing of Chance?
What, O thou discontented, is this Power
Guiding thy way, and guarding every hour?
Is it aught else than God's paternal care,—
His Providence o'erruling everywhere,
His kind and mighty and mysterious Will
That fix'd thee where thou art, and holds thee still?
O blind and ignorant,—who dost not know
That all our checks and trials here below,
Our inner crosses, and our outer cares,
Our wants, temptations, sorrows, fears, and snares,

That all the disappointment and the strife
That baffle hope and break the rest of life,
All, all are *sent*,—and ordered from above
In strictest justice and profoundest Love!
A slave? in fetters?—Yes! for thou art bound
To toil awhile for everything around;
Not to himself may any creature live,—
Not to delights his time and talents give,—
Not think of Gain amidst a world of Loss,—
But duteously go forth, and bear—a cross!
Thou canst not choose: the lot is cast for thee:
Thy care be still in Duty's path to be;
Under all hindrance striving for the best,—
And leaving Heaven to care for all the rest.

The Field, the World.

CONSIDER thou,—the world in which we live
Is GOD's great field for wise experiment;
Wherein, except what mercy must forgive,
All else goes on by rule and measurement,
True root and fruit, fit cause and consequent:
And angels watch it all; those loving minds
Note every just effect and mean and cause,
And each Intelligence delighted finds
In all the working of eternal laws,
And so adores the Ruler: faith in Him
Makes every riddle clear that else were dim;
And all our trials to one issue tend,
That issue, dear to saints and cherubim,
GOD's glory,—our beginning, middle, end.

To a Generous Youth.

I.

Unworldly child of feeling,
With kindled eye and kindly heart
Incautiously revealing
How loving and how true thou art,—
Alas! for men will use thee,
And even while they use contemn,
And in their turn refuse thee
The help that thou hast yielded them.

II.

Yet holy angels love thee,
And yearningly they shield from harm
As glorious guards above thee
A spirit found so fresh and warm;
And God Himself doth bless thee,
And all the souls made perfect now
In sympathy caress thee,
Kissing thine illumined brow!

III.

Still, while I praise thy beauty,
Thy characters of lovely light,
In friendship's tender duty
I counsel thee, dear youth, aright:
Remember one true sentence—
That "pearls should not be cast to swine,"—
And never shall repentance
Becloud one generous act of thine.

Time's Honour.

THE attributes of GOD are all in all
Of beauty and of glory: man admireth
In creature-excellence despite the fall
Just what reflected Deity inspireth:
So cometh it, that loveliness hath love,
Truth doth enchant, and Mighty Force appal;
And, as The Father is enthroned above,
"Ancient of Days,"—Antiquity requireth
Man's homage for such nearness to his GOD:
And so, when ancestry beneath the sod,
And old old woods, and rooftree black with age,
To modern days reflect an ancient fame
Enshrined in history's mediæval page,
These paint the gilded halo round a Name.

A Thought in a Thoroughfare.

Surging on in ceaseless shoals
Thousands of immortal souls,
Wave on wave of restless life
Crested rough with selfish strife,—
What a cavalcade comes nigh
In this crowd of passers by!

O the sorrows, pains, and cares,—
O the troubles, sins, and snares,—
O the histories past belief
Piled with wrong and soak'd in grief,—
O the hidden woes that lie
In this crowd of passers by!

Watch the faces as they pass;
What a strangely changeful mass,—
Business, pleasure, duty, sin,
War without, or peace within,
Glooms or gladdens every eye
In this crowd of passers by.

There, is vice and wanton youth,—
There, contented worth and truth,—
There, the sons of toil and skill,—
And the thousands gather still
—Ah! poor monad, what am I
In this crowd of passers by?

Each of all the multitude
Has his evil and his good;
Every one his hopes and fears,
All alike their joys and tears;
All must suffer, all must die
In this crowd of passers by!

Craving body, yearning soul,
Each is to himself a whole;
And how little any cares
How his fainting brother fares;
And how frequent is the sigh
In this crowd of passers by!

Yet as thus I move along
Carried onward by the throng,
In a solitude I seem
Walking in a peopled dream,
Where around me phantoms fly
In this crowd of passers by.

All alone I stand aside
Listening to the human tide,
Till my shuddering spirit hears,
Wailing down the gulph of years,
An exceeding bitter cry
From that crowd of passers by.

Silence.

Dear Nurse of Thought, calm chaos-brooding dove,
Thee, Silence, well I love;
Mother of Fancy, friend and sister mine,
Silence, my heart is thine.

Rarer than Eloquence, and sweeter far
Thy dulcet pauses are;
Stronger than Music, charm she ne'er so well,
Is, Silence, thy soft spell.

The rushing crystals throb about my brain,
And thrill, and shoot again,—
Their teeming imagery crowds my sphere,
If Silence be but here.

Bodily rest is Sleep, the soothing sleep,
Spirit-rest, Silence deep;
O daily discord, cease, for mercy cease!
Break not this happy peace.

The melodies within alone are heard,
By their own stillness stirr'd;
O mute, and motionless,—O death of strife,
O precious lull in life!

Now know I how Pygmalion's spirit stern
Could on a statue yearn,—
The hush'd, the beautiful, the calmly fair,
The marble Silence there!

The Good and the True.

I.

Nothing lasts that is not good;
  Nothing stands that is not true:—
What a thing misunderstood,
  What a thought kept out of view!
O pretences, shams, and cheats,
  You may strut your little day,—
But Confusion swiftly meets,
  And surely drives you all away!

II.

Never yet was Truth assail'd,
But the struggle gave it strength;
"Great is Truth and has prevail'd,"
Always comes to pass at length:
Never yet was Good attack'd,
But the very foe that smote
Whiten'd up what slander black'd,
And abjured what malice wrote!

III.

What is Good?—the pure and kind;
What is Truth?—the wise and right;
And, in Matter as in Mind,
Both will live in death's despite:
But the bad, the false, the base,
Barely breathe one feverish hour;
Dying out of every place,
Like a rootless nosegay flower.

IV.

How then comes it, that so oft
  Good men droop, and good things drown?
How, that Lies are throned aloft,
  While so many Truths die down?
—How?—For just a little while,
  And by just a herd of fools,
Cheats are praised, and shams beguile,
  And sin is stout where Satan rules.

V.

Ay,—but look a little higher,
  Forward post your eager eye,
You that gloriously aspire,
  And on God and Right rely;
Evil perishes—forsake it,—
  Falsehood dies—renounce its sway,—
But the Good, for treasure take it,—
  And secure the True to-day!

Chaos Crystallizing.

Give it only time enough,
Every thing shall find its place;
Every creature wins its race,
Though the course be rough.

All is not Mistake on earth;
Providence fulfils its plan;
And Creation, down to man,
Justifies its birth.

Folly builds her Babel tower,
Where,—since Wisdom well permits,—
Grey Old Sin a Nimrod sits
For his human hour:

Let a little time have fled,
And anon it topples down;
And we tear away the crown
From that usurper's head!

All shall yet be right at last;
Coming Day shall clear it up;
And Creation's stirrup-cup
Sweeten all the past.

Good achieves its glorious ends;
Soon for Evil's transient reign
Spite of guilt and grief and pain
Making rich amends.

Now, like crystallizing salts,
All is seen confusion here;
But right soon it shall appear
Wisdom makes no faults:

Atom to its atom flies,
Every bevilled angle fits,
Till at length fair Order sits
Enthroned on earth and skies.

Good and Evil.

Good hath been born of Evil many times,
As pearls and precious ambergris are grown—
Fruits of disease, in pain and sickness sown;
Nations have won their liberty through crimes,
And men true gain of losses: God alone,
Unreachable upon His holy throne,
Needeth not shade to illustrate His light,
Nor less to foil His greatest: but for man
The wrong must riot to awake the right,
And patience grow of pain, as day of night,
And wisdom end what woesome harm began;
And think not to unravel in thy thought
This mingled tissue, this mysterious plan,
This alchemy of good through evil wrought.

Strange Attributes.

VENGEANCE, and jealousy, and wrath are Thine:
Can these things be indeed, most loving LORD,
Or have we spoilt the beauty of thy word
By names so dark for attributes divine?
—Yet must true justice vindicate the right,
And scatter wrong in well-avenging might,
Chastising, not revenging: yet must Love
Most fondly claim that every heart should beat
As its own bliss for only GOD above:
Yet must some moral fire, some holy heat,
Pervade the Will that else were wilfulness:
Those words are well; He doth avenge the wrong,
His love is jealous thee by love to bless,
And sin shall rouse His wrath, though suffering long.

Cruelty:

AS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS BROTHER.

I.

MAN'S inhumanity to Man!
Oh hideous tale to tell,—
What cheek unblanch'd can calmly scan
Those characters of hell?
What pen, what poet, dares to paint
The terrors of that strife,
Wherein so many a martyr'd saint
Has moan'd away his life?

II.

O Roman friars,—Spanish priests,
Ye wretched cruel men,
More bloody than infuriate beasts
Half-famish'd in their den,—
How dreadful are the human woes
Your secret vaults have seen,—
God's patient vengeance only knows
What horrors there have been!

III.

And, Slavery! human nature's shame,
The curse of human-kind,
How hateful is thy very name
To ear, and heart, and mind!
The sugar-mill, the cotton-field,
The lash, the goad, the chain,—
Alas! how huge a crop they yield
Of wickedness and pain!

IV.

And, here at home, let childhood's shriek,
On coalpit echoes borne,—
And starving woman's hollow cheek
In city streets forlorn,—
And mean oppression's heavy hand
On patient merit's head,—
Ask everywhere throughout the land,
—Whither has Mercy fled?

V.

Yet is there comfort: God above
Long-suffering doth not sleep;
He treasures up with tenderest love
The tears of those who weep;
Holy, and Merciful, and Strong,
Be sure, His glorious Might
For all oppression, pain, and wrong
Will righteously requite!

VI.

And there is comfort: victim soul,
Go straight before that Judge;
With pitying care to hear the whole
His patience will not grudge;
So, out of harm, and hate, and pain,
If thou but kiss the rod,
Thou shalt attain the golden gain
Of Brotherhood with God!

Cruelty:

AS BETWEEN MAN AND HIS BEAST.

I.

MAN'S cruel baseness to his beast!
—Poor uncomplaining brute,
Its wrongs are innocent at least,
And all its sorrows mute:
They cannot have deserved their woes,
As these bad masters can;
And evil is the lot of those
Who serve the tyrant, Man.

II.

I dare not let my fever'd thought
Brood o'er the frightful page
By human malice writ and wrought
In every clime and age!
Alas! the catalogue of crime
Begun by cruel Cain
Has made the swollen stream of Time
One cataract of pain!

III.

Lo! surgery's philosophic knife,
Too merciless to kill,
Dissecting out the strings of life
With calm and horrid skill,—
And bloody goads,—and wealing whips,
And many a torture fell,
Have wrung from every creature's lips
That Earth to them is Hell!

IV.

Yea: dream not that the Good and Wise
To these can be unjust;
Nor, if not claimants for the skies,
That all dissolve to dust:
They have a spirit which survives
This cauldron of unrest,
And here though wretched in their lives,
Elsewhere they shall be blest!

V.

In the just Government and strong
Of such a GOD as ours,
Only for wickedness and wrong
Perpetual Judgment lours:
No creature ever ran a race
Of griefs not earn'd before,
Without some compensating grace
Of happiness in store!

VI.

Let this, then, comfort those who weep
For Crime and Pity too;
For if just judgment doth not sleep,
No more doth mercy true:
The cruel Man,—lament his fate,
For he can reach no bliss;—
The tortured beast,—its future state
Shall recompense for this.

Blucher's "Forwards!"

I.

Bravo! brave old Teuton heart,
Noble "Marshal Forwards!"
Bravo! every better part,—
Nature, Providence, and Art,—
Agrees in going forwards;
If we gain, to gain the more,
Pressing on to things before,
Ever marching forwards;

If we lose,—by swift attack
Soon to win those losses back
By the rule of—Forwards!

II.

Forwards! it's the way of life,
Always urging forwards,—
Be it peace, or be it strife,
Stagnant-ripe, or tempest-rife,
All is moving forwards;
Generations live and die,
Stars are journeying on the sky
By the law of forwards;
Space and Time, and you, and I,
And all—but GOD'S Eternity—
Tend for ever forwards!

III.

So, good youth, go on and win!
Conquest lives in forwards;

Go, if once you well begin,
Steering clear of self and sin,
Forwards, ever forwards!
Never could the foe withstand
Honest Blucher's one command,
Forwards, soldiers! forwards,—
Never shall the foe be met
Bold enough to front thee yet,
If thy face is forwards!

Aspire.

Higher, higher, ever higher,—
Let thy watchword be "Aspire!"
Noble Christian youth;
Whatsoe'er be God's behest,
Try to do that duty best
In the strength of Truth.

Let a just Ambition fire
Every motive and desire
God and man to serve;
Man, with zeal and honour due,
God, with gratitude most true,
And all the spirit's nerve!

Let not Doubt thine efforts tire,
God will give what all require,—
Raiment, home, and food;
And with these contented well,
Bid thine aspirations swell
To the Highest Good!

From the perils deep and dire
Of Temptation's sensual mire
Keep thy chasten'd feet;
Dread, and hate, and turn away
From the lure that leads astray,
Satan's pleasure-cheat!

And, while thus a self-denier,
Stand the stalworth self-relier,—
Bravely battling on,
Though alone,—no soul alive
Ever stoutly dared to strive
But saw the battle won!

Though thy path be thorn and briar,
Every step shall bring thee nigher
To Creation's prize;
With "Excelsior" on thy flag,
Thou shalt tread the topmost crag,
And soar into the skies.

Higher, then, and always higher,—
Let thy motto be "Aspire!"
Whosoe'er thou be;
Holy liver! happy dier!
Earth's poor best, and Heaven's quire,
Are reserved for thee!

Providential Hints.

Watch little providences: if indeed
Or less there be, or greater, in the sight
Of Him who governs all by day and night,
And sees the forest hidden in the seed:
Of all that happens take thou reverent heed,
For seen in true Religion's happier light
(Though not unknown of reason's placid creed)
All things are order'd; all by orbits move,
Having precursors, satellites, and signs,
Whereby the mind not doubtfully divines
What is the will of Him who rules above,
And takes for guidance those paternal hints
That all is well, that thou art led by Love,
And in thy travel trackest old footprints.

The Heart's Youthfulness.

As by an effort only, reckoning o'er
The fleeting years, and lives of other men,
How life creeps on apace, and why and when
Its changing phases should affect us more,
We guess and gather doubtingly: for me,
(Startled at times mine equals old to see)
My heart is young as ever, full of mirth
And buoyancy, too light and fresh and free
For dignities and pompous tricks of earth;
So hath it been till now,—so let it be,—
And not grow grave: thrice happy is the man
Whose spirit, feeling a Tithonic birth,
Never grows old, rejoices where it can,
And cares no more for Time than it is worth.

Fraternal Egotism.

Not in self-seeking doth the Poet draw
From his own wells, and analyse his heart;
All men in all men bear a kindred part,
All spirits to all spirits are a law:
Whatever any mind has seen or felt,
That inner secret which in self he saw
With genial utterance to his brother dealt
Shall quicken him, and make his hardness melt,
His passion thrill, his frozen feeling thaw,
His solitude to brotherhood aspire:
So then, accuse not as of mean design
The generous fervour of poetic fire,—
Such frankness cheers, such sympathies refine,
Such noble thoughts to nobler thoughts inspire.

Calculated Comfort.

RECOLLECT, as well you may,
(You that pine and brood in sorrow)
If there's little luck to-day,
More is left to come to-morrow;
Every present grows to past
Almost while the grumbler heeds it;
But, for pleasure made to last,
Look to where the future feeds it.

Coming chances must be more,
(Reason will herself remind us,)
And all prizes crowd before
If the blanks are all behind us;
Therefore never go downcast,
But let cares sit all the lighter,
Since a dark and luckless past
Argues all the future brighter.

Paradise Lost.

Alas for trouble and care and sin,
And bitterness, hate and strife!
That the heart grows cold and callous within,
As stoned by the hail and stunn'd by the din
Of the storm-driven desert of life.

Alas! that the world is winning the game,—
And—who then is counting the cost?
O speed,—for fear, for glory, for shame,
Let Satan be baulk'd of his murderous aim,
For, the stake is—a soul to be lost!

Where stands Paradise, after the fall?
Alas! it has wither'd away,—
The slime of the serpent is over us all,
And Nature has veil'd, with a funeral-pall,
Her beautiful face in decay!

Cheerfulness.

(IN DACTYLIC STANZAS.)

I.

Lover of goodness, and friend to the beautiful,
Ever go forth with a smile on thy cheek,
Knowing that God will prosper the dutiful,
Gladden the holy, and honour the meek;
Ever go on, though fortune be rigorous,
Bearing as Providence wisely may will,
Strong in good conscience, with energy vigorous,
Building up good, and demolishing ill.

II.

There is a spirit, that sadly and tearfully
Goes to its duties, a slave to its tasks;
There is a spirit that stoutly and cheerfully
Toils in the sunshine, and toils as it basks;
Both may be labouring, ripely and readily,
Christians and husbandmen tilling the soil,
But the one sings, while he labours so steadily,
And the sad other sheds tears at his toil.

III.

Be of this wiser and better fraternity,
Nursing contentedness still in thy breast;
So shall thy heart, for time and eternity,
Ache though it must, be for ever at rest:
Peace is the portion of hopeful audacity,
Routing the worst and securing the best,
And the keen vision of Christian sagacity
Sees for us all that we all may be blest.

Liberty.

(IN ALCAIC STANZAS.)

BULWARK of England, God-given Liberty!
Name much malign'd yet noble and glorious,
How rarely the masses who claim thee
Judge as they ought of the fools that maim thee!

No part hast thou with clamorous demagogues,
Red revolution scares thee and scatters thee,
And despots have stolen thy standard
Only to render thee scorn'd and slander'd:

Still to enslave the credulous multitude
Is their intent in utter effrontery;
O treason, O shame, and O wonder,
That the one tramples the many under!

Man, when his Maker made him and fashion'd him,
Man stood as free as Mercy could order it,—
Free, saving Religion in season,
Saving the bridle and bit of Reason.

And when, as now, the Fall and its accidents
Drove him from GOD to human society,
Still Reason, Religion, and Frankness
Stand as the pruners of Freedom's rankness:

Reason, Religion, counsel and sanctify
Unto good order governing ministers,
And Frankness gives up to his brother
Much of his own, for the sake of other.

Freeman, thy neighbour also has liberties;
This may subtract his rights from thy heritage,—
But Freedom without moderations
Were but the licence of pirate nations.

England! in thee shines Liberty's excellence;
We are as free as servés for humanity,
Freespoken, freejudging, freeacting,
Nobody spying, and none exacting.

We love the Queen, and guard her with loyalty,
She loves the People, ruling us faithfully,
And those who amongst us are wiser
Counsel her, each as a free adviser.

Thus we reform whate'er is iniquitous,
Thus we remove whatever is obsolete,
Yet always resolve to deal fairly
Even with those who deserve it rarely:

Thus in the light of rational liberty
Each of us walks a patriot Englishman—
Courageous, but boasting it never;
Moderate, honest, and patient ever.

And we can love our brethren in slavery,
Giving them all, with prodigal sympathy,
Our prayers, our blood, our treasure—
All we can give without stint or measure;

And we can hate the base and tyrannical,
Vowing to crush oppression and cruelty—
And sharing with peoples and races
All Christianity's gifts and graces.

England the free is Europe's deliverer,
Standing with France as warders of Liberty;
And Englishmen know how to use it,—
Englishmen only will not abuse it!

Courage.

(IN SAPPHIC STANZAS.)

NEVER went man courageously to dangers,
Fear and his constant spirit being strangers,
But, while he faced his enemies and hew'd them,
Soon he subdued them:

As he goes onward, perils seem to scatter,
Mind ever shows the conqueror of matter;
Even the mountain crags that toppled o'er him
Open before him;

Even the torrents, riotously wrathful,
Are to his footsteps fordable and pathful;
Even the prowlers, in the desert roaming,
Fly at his coming.

O man of faith, of energy, and boldness,—
Onward! in spite of darkness and of coldness,—
Forward! for Conquest with triumphal pleasance
Waits for thy presence:

Never, on Right and Providence relying,
Fail'd of Success, while duteously trying,
He, who resolves and wrestles like a Roman,
Yielding to no man!

Long Ago.

What a gloom and what a chill
Hang about old haunts of ours,—
Where, at childhood's wayward will,
Long ago we gather'd flowers;
Where, in youth's romantic prime,
Long ago we met and parted,
In the olden golden time
When we went so eager-hearted!

O, but in those long agoes,
With their dreamy dear old places
And forgotten joys and woes
And their unforgotten faces,
How much sorrow ever hides,
Leaving what we loved behind us;
While how swift our life-dream glides
These sad long agoes remind us!

In a Drought.

I.

Weep, relentless eye of Nature!
Drop some pity on the soil;
Every plant and every creature
Droops and faints in dusty toil:
Mother earth with bosom burning
Craves and pants athirst for rain;
Night and day her mighty yearning
Heaves to Heaven in silent pain!

59406

II.

O, how gratefully and dearly
Will Creation drink it up,
When to all his children cheerly
God shall give that happy cup:
When the cattle and the flowers
Yet shall raise their drooping heads,
And, refresh'd by precious showers,
Lie down joyful in their beds.

III.

Graciously then, God the Giver,
Send that milk of mercy round,—
Let kind Heaven's luscious river
Bathe this dry and gaping ground;
Melt the furrows with its sluices,—
Make our wilted uplands laugh,—
And of all Earth's generous juices
Now let all her creatures quaff!

In a Frost.

The 25th of April, 1854.

I.

Cruel, cutting, killing frost!
Hope destroy'd and labour lost,
Earth dishearten'd, man dismay'd,
Joy extinguish'd, life decay'd!
All the early sprouts cut down,—
All the blossoms burnt and brown,—
Every green and tender shoot
Black and rotted to its root,—

Every modest opening leaf
Rudely made to pine in grief,—
Every bud of promise nipt,
And Nature's every feather clipt!

II.

Woe! for April skies were here,
Flush'd with warmth and summer cheer,—
April sun and April shower
Coaxing bud and leaf and flower,
Till the very fig had dared
To hope in pity to be spared.
But, one night, one bitter night,
Blasted all with angry spite,—
Seal'd the breasts of Nature up,—
Froze with hate her loving cup,—
Dash'd its honied milk with gall,
And in sheer envy ruin'd all!

Added, in August.

No hate, no envy; all was right;
In mercy came that bitter night,—
In mercy shear'd the fruit away,
Blasting the blossoms on the spray;
For if, in aftertimes like these
Of sore and terrible disease,
A heavy crop of luscious fruits
Had hung upon those frozen shoots,
Doubtless, the reaper Death had reap'd
A heavier crop of corpses heap'd!
O Man,—a wiser Head than thine,
And kinder than thy thoughts divine,
While for all weightier things He cares
Or watches how a sparrow fares,
In secret wisdom foreordains
Even these trifles,—frosts and rains.

Tangley Pond.

I.

All on a happy summer's day
When the air is warm and still,
And thundery clouds are louring gray
Over the landscape green and gay
Around St. Martha's hill,—

II.

How pleasant it is, with a cheerful friend
Of beautiful Nature fond,
Across the fields our ways to wend,
And here the calm sweet hours to spend
Fishing at Tangley Pond.

III.

I love the tapering rod to wield,
And cast the sensitive float,
Till down it runs with the line outreel'd
And a fierce old pike, still scorning to yield,
Flounders about in the boat:

IV.

I love the angle,—to watch and wait
For the perch so subtle and still,
Till deep in his hole he has gorged the bait,
And gluttony fixes a tyrant's fate
With a good gimp-hook in his gill:

V.

I love the quiet,—the lull from care,—
The lake, all clear and calm,—
The flowering reeds, and the wild fowl there,—
The trees asleep in the sultry air,
And all things breathing balm.

VI.

Old Tangley Pond,—my boyhood's haunt,
My manhood's holiday rest,—
Let any that will my fondness taunt,
And mock while thus thy praise I chaunt,
Lull'd on thy tranquil breast.

VII.

Oh, yes,—there is peace and quietness here
If nowhere found beyond;
The way one's spirit to soothe and cheer
Is—angle awhile, in the prime of the year,
At dear old Tangley Pond.

Wait.

How often to lie still is to be wise,—
How many times is Patience as a charm
That wins a gracious blessing from the skies
Richer than all on Labour's bustling farm,—
How seldom to do less is to do harm!
So, when thy seeds are wedded to the soil,
And thou hast well done duty, and the lot
Is cast into the lap, consider not
How next to make all speed by thought and toil,—
But rather wait; the power of faith is there,—
Faith that achieves all conquest, takes all spoil,—
Faith, the great reaper of the crop of pray'r;
In faith be still; lest unbelieving care
By overstriving all good efforts foil.

Chobham.

Once more a silent solitary spot,
Chobham,—already those thy glories seem
Half-lost to memory, like a fading dream
Of martial sights and sounds, which now are not:
The tents, array'd so trim, that used to teem
With merry humours, all are swept away;
Where is the Rifleman,—the kilted Scot,—
The helm'd Life-guardsman,—and the Lancer gay?
Where are the Guns, that thunder'd thick and hot
Galloping furiously through the fray?
All, all are gone: and where with stirring tramp
The troops defiling proudly wont to pass,
Nothing is seen to cheer this rugged swamp
But spotted sundews and wild cotton-grass!

Spithead.

A DAY for patriot thoughts of honest pride,
A day for praise to Heaven, as is most meet;
When England pours upon the peaceful tide
Her willing thousands, thronging far and wide
Our Ocean-Queen in joyfulness to greet:
Lo! how majestic stands the giant Fleet
Robed in white thunderclouds, that roll away
Amid these deafening clamours, to display
The black-embattled hulls, and overhead
Their taper spars, or glittering canvas spread:
While, all around, on this glad holiday,
The whitewing'd yachts, like sea-birds, flit about.
And crowded steamers, drest in pennons gay,
Cheer as they pass, and reel beneath the shout.

The Burnt Church.

I.

O WRECK of many good and precious things,
O thousand glories shatter'd to the ground!
O Ruin,—where Destruction's fiery wings
Have flapp'd, and scorch'd, and ravaged all around!
O Providence,—whose deep determinings
No wisdom can defeat, no thought can sound,—
Alas! how shall we well and wisely search
The Mind of GOD in this—a ruin'd church?

II.

For lo, the loss! Religion's beauteous fane,
For eight long centuries her holy home,
Where sacred story stain'd each pictured pane,
And Learning archived many a rare old tome,—
Where Gothic sculpture, lofty, pure, and plain,
Stood a protesting trophy won from Rome,—
All burnt, all blasted!—Who may read aright
The will of Heav'n in this unholy sight?

III.

Ye shall discern it, though your eyes be dim,
If teachably and humbly still ye search:—
God is a spirit; those who worship Him
Make not a mediate idol of His Church;
Mounting on eagle wings of cherubim,
They linger not to deck the temple-porch,—
But serving One whose temple is all space,
They seek Him always and in every place!

IV.

Yet, must we note the low estate of Man,
And help on earth his earthly nature still;
And, it is wise and duteous, where we can,
To counteract by good permitted ill;
And, if we work eternal Mercy's plan,
We glorify our GOD through man's free will;
And HE that bade us worship him aright
Said, Make My court and service your delight.

V.

Therefore, with energy and zeal discreet,
Hasten to raise this holy house again;
With decent splendour, as is right and meet,
Give GOD once more his consecrated fane:
HE waits in grace to bless your willing feet,
And those who serve him, never serve in vain:
So bring your offerings, and your alms outpour,
And rear St. George for GOD and Man once more!

For the Madeira Famine-fund.

I.

Madeira! fair haven of plenty and health,
Where luxury smiles on the vintage of wealth,
Where mountain and glen in the midst of the seas
Breathe Eden's own balm on the cheek of Disease,
Where nature's most beautiful pastoral scene,
With rock-built sublimity toppling between,
And rural contentment, and music, and mirth,
Make thee the bright gem, the oasis of Earth,—
Alas, for the change! that a bane and a blight
Hath wither'd thy beauty, and darken'd thy light,—
Alas! for the tropical breezes that waft
The moans of despair from thy death-stricken raft,—
Alas! for the sunsets of glory that glow
On famishing vineyards and hovels of woe,—
Alas! for the vial of judgment outpour'd
Madeira, on thee, from the hand of the Lord!

II.

Of judgment,—and mercy!—Our Father and God
Not lightly nor gladly afflicts with His rod:
And well is He pleased, if His children make speed
To comfort the hearts whom He chastens with need;
And well is He glorified still in His gifts
When affluent bounty the fallen uplifts!
Then hasten, ye Rich,—whom Madeira lang syne
Hath often made glad with her generous wine,—
And chiefly ye fathers and lovers, sore tried
By the fast fading forms of some daughter or bride
Whom genial Madeira, by delicate stealth,
Hath gently suffused with the roses of health,—
O hasten to help her!—O speed ye to bless
With liberal mercy the sons of distress;
For the Land where your memory lingers in pray'r,
Is stricken with famine, and death, and despair!

The Lost Arctic.

Poor Arctic! once awhile my floating home
Full of kind faces, my right royal yacht,
Alas! how swift and terrible a lot
Has caught and whelm'd thee in the billowy foam.

The gay saloon was ringing with its mirth,
—Sudden Collision comes with frightful crash,
And over all the riotous waters dash,
Rushing from deck to deck, from berth to berth!

I will not coldly try to paint in rhyme
Those thousand horrors; let the sobbing sea
Chant its wild requiem over thine and thee,
And darkness spread above its pall sublime.

Rather shall memory linger on the days
When, girt with friends, I somewhile paced thy deck,
Watching the distant iceberg's sparkling speck,
Or the broad sun down-setting in a blaze:

The nautilus would stretch its paper sail
Cresting the swell to catch our eager eyes,
Or petrels from the cradling trough would rise,
Or the sharp fin of some black basking whale:

And then, the merry games, and kindly looks
Of pleasant shipmates, and the noonday stakes,
How many knots an hour the good ship makes—
Rousing the dozers from their chess and books:

And then,—Woe, woe! that on such scenes as these
The Viking, Death, should like a pirate burst,
And drag them all, in gulphing waves immerst,
Down to the charnel-caverns of the seas!

All,—but the clingers to some sinking boat
Lost in the fog, or on that raft—Despair;
One—only one of seventy!—lingereth there,
While buoy'd around him upturn'd corpses float!

All,—but the Abdiel-captain of the crew,
Who, sinking nobly with his sinking ship,
Then battled back to life with dauntless lip,—
A righteous Jonah, faithful found and true.

All?—yet a remnant—(of five hundred souls
Hope breathes a tithe)—miraculously saved;
Above the rest, where first that Viking raved,
His mighty banner the dark Ocean rolls!

O Life, and luxury, and hope, and health,
And suddenly—Destruction! who can know
How huge the sum of man's and woman's woe
When my poor Arctic sank with all her wealth?

Truth.

Be true, be true! whate'er beside
Of wit or wealth or rank be thine,
Unless with simple truth allied,
The gold that glitters in thy mine
Is only dross, the brass of pride
Or vainer tinsel, made to shine.

Be true, be true! the prize of earth
From God alike with man forsooth,
The real nobility of birth
To age, maturity, or youth,
The very crown of creature-worth,
Is easy guileless open Truth.

Be true, be true! to nerve your arm
For any good ye wish to do;
To save yourselves from sin and harm,
And win all honours old and new;
To work on hearts as with a charm,—
The maxim is, Be true, be true!

Be true, be true! that easy prize
So loveable to human view,
So laudable beyond the skies,
Alas! is reach'd by very few—
The simple ones, though more than wise,
Whose motto is, Be true, be true!

Duty.

I.

Duty! shorn of which the wisest
And the best were little worth,
How with dignity thou risest
O'er the littleness of earth;
How thou blessest each condition
Shedding peace and glory round,
Even binding hot Ambition
In thy service to be found!

II.

Duty,—though the lot be lowly,
  God's broad-arrow thou art seen
Marking very trifles holy,
  And exalting what were mean;
In this thought the poor may revel
  That obeying Duty's word,
Humblest want is on a level
  With my lady or my lord.

III.

Duty,—seen in lofty station
  As the brightest jewel there,
Providence doth bless the nation
  Where thy badge its rulers bear;
England! God regards with favour
  Both thy Queen and People too,
For that Duty's precious savour
  Still is found in all they do.

Moving on.

In vain,—there is no respite and no rest,
No flagging in our headlong reckless race;
In vain with clutching grasp and yearning breast
We strive to check the steeds of Time and Space.

All rushes on; no creature stops an hour;
The babe, the boy, the man, the dotard—dies;
Perpetual changes vex the wayside flower,
And the great worlds careering through the skies.

Yet is it sad that Beauty scarce can bloom,
Hardly can Wisdom drop one word of truth,
Before the sage is humbled to the tomb,
And wrinkles gather round the eyes of youth.

Alas! because it hardens us at heart,
This constant moving-on,—this phantom scene
Of daily hourly meetings soon to part,
And made to be as they had never been.

New hopes, new motives, all things ever new
Expelling all things old, however dear,
Uproot the mind from growing strong and true,
And the poor heart in all its longings sear.

A gloom, a solemn sadness, and a hope—
A mighty hope, but mixed with bitter fear,
All lie within this sad reflection's scope
That nothing—nothing—hath continuance here.

We wake,—and yesterday is thrown behind
To play to-day's half-masqueraded part;
Energy cheering on the hopeful mind,
But pale-faced memory holding back the heart.

Alas! I cannot read these thoughts aright;
I fain would say that we shall see once more
Some resurrection of the visions bright
That here, like mountain-mists, have swept us o'er.

I fain, in this perpetual moving-on,
Would see the shadowy type of stabler things;
Old loves renew'd, old victories rewon,
Old chords restruck upon the old heartstrings!

If otherwise, it were a waste,—a loss
Of truth and beauty, happiness and love;
But—there are all redemptions in the Cross,
And more than Space and Time in Heaven above!

Used up.

WHERE shall be found the niche unfill'd,—
A spot unclaim'd, a field untill'd?
Who may secure a vacant space
Fairly to run and win the race?
Or who can gain a name of worth
For any newer praise on earth,—
Or hope to reach a lucky prize
For any good beneath the skies?

All is used up; around, about,
Every place is crowded out,—
Every father wonders where
And how his children are to fare,—
Every son looks out in vain
To catch a chance his bread to gain:
Honest Labour now must ask
Leave to ply the coarsest task,
Vainly Skill his craft bestirs,
Vainly Taste her claim prefers,
Courage faints in heart and limb
To find so little call for him,
Enterprize is lost to know
What to do or where to go,
Even Fancy far must roam
To give her emigrants a home,
Even Genius scarce can find
Work for his energetic mind!

All is used up; and mainly thus
All occasion lost to us;
Slender chances now remain
For greatness, glory, or for gain;
Little hope for one to rise
Among so many made so wise.
Scholars?—very children now
Carry bookshelves in their brow:
Poets?—many a slander'd name
Misses, though it merits, Fame:
Heroes?—since Achilles frown'd
Never yet were braver found:
Sages many?—yet how few
Give philosophers their due:
Painting, Sculpture?—where of yore
Was Art so served or starved before?
Shrewd Invention?—when of old
Was ill-paid Mind more keen or bold?
Eloquence, with silent lip,—
Undiscover'd statesmanship,—

Cureless curates by the score,—
Briefless lawyers more and more;
What a seeming waste of strength
Progress has evoked at length,—
What developments are here
For every single self to fear!

Well: but this excess of wealth,
Is it not a nation's health,
Better wealth than gold can get,
The People's level higher set?
Could any wish in any sense
A smaller sum of excellence,—
Taste and talent disallow'd,
And knowledge hidden from the crowd?
No! learned light and pious zeal
Have well advanced this common weal,
And blest the average lot of man,
And widen'd well his being's plan,

And kindly raised his nature up,
And given him drink of learning's cup.

What then,—O selfish one and proud,
If fewer names outshine the crowd?
Was it so well those few were found
Starring the former darkness round,
Nor better that the light of day
Should seem to quench their lamps away?
This kindlier dawn that pales their fires
A happy universe inspires;
And many gain what few have lost,
And small ones feed at great ones' cost,
And thousands quaff a spicier cup,
Because the few find fame used up.

Influences.

I

JUDGE not the sensitive: if thou hast blamed,
Think how a thousand influences tell,
With strong enchantment acting like a spell,
Upon that spirit all too finely framed:
Antagonisms, and slights, and vulgar things,
And all whatever else should make ashamed
Of mean or vain, from these as nettle-stings
Shrinks back within itself the feeling mind;
What thou hast counted cold fastidious pride
Is to warm graces tenderly allied,
Indignant wrath with holy pain combined;
And spirit-nerves alike with nerves of sense,
To some brute natures worthily denied,
In others thrill with energies intense.

Hear the Church.

THE Church?—how gladly would I hear the Church:
I long to love and honour and obey,
And truly to be guided in the way,
And comforted and counsell'd in my search:
But where—where is She? who shall strike the truth
Between opposing factions, priest and lay,
The one, to Rome perverting half our youth,
The other leading liberally astray?
Is She indeed embalm'd in magic rite,
And sacramental miracle forsooth,
Resurgent from that mediæval night?
Nor rather living still, and to be found,
With secret ministration shedding light,
In men of every race and sect around?

To a so-called "Anglo-Catholic."

Ay,—preach and prove as much as you can,—
The Protestant heart of an Englishman
Rejects your Romish glosses;
Never shall he be trapp'd or enticed
To put the Church in place of The Christ,
Or leave the Cross for crosses.

Never shall human authority bind
The muscles and thews of a free-man's mind
By council, chain, or diet;

Never shall dead ceremonials calm
The wounded spirit with Gilead's balm,
Nor give the conscience quiet.

Never shall office avail to excuse
The dullard's sloth, or the heretic's views,
Or canonize through orders;
Never shall absolution's rite
Be held as a piece of magical might
By priests, Salvation's warders.

Never shall water, bread, or wine,
Be thought to include all gifts divine,
Without some living graces;
Never shall ministries of men
Be counted mediators, when
They serve at holy places.

Never shall forms and symbols alone,
Nor dull intoning's monkery'd drone,
Be said to bring a blessing;

Never shall English daughters and sons
Be found the ashamed degraded ones
To go to a priest confessing.

Never shall priestcraft domineer,
Or rule through spiritual fear,
Without a voice to blame it;
Never shall Rome's red wolf be found
In sheepskin upon British ground
Without a shout to shame it!

The White Oak; by Postford Brook.

Outspread above an osier'd dell,
Where coots on rushy hummocks dwell,—
And shadowing on the hither side
Our trout-stream's ever-merry tide
Hurrying to meet the Railway mound
And fill its arch with silver sound,—
I know an Oak, not young nor old,
Fullfledged, some fifty summers told,
Green and well-liking,—save one spot
That startles like a whitewash'd blot!

High on the trunk, all else so green,—
Cluster'd the branching forks between,—
A clump of twigs as pale as milk,
A maze of ivory leaves like silk
Tender and delicate and thin,
As silver-paper soft within,
Translucent, as if wrought in ice,
Or shaped in isinglass or rice,—
A curious growth, all ghostly white,
Glares like a phantom on the sight.

If ever modern peasant thinks,
No doubt at this his courage sinks,
And scarcely will he pass the spot
When night makes ghastlier this white blot.
For nothing short of life-blood spilt
With horrid mysteries of guilt,
Or wicked rhyme, or hideous spell
Of some damp warlock in the dell,

Or evil eye, or (what is worse)
The Little-London witch's curse,
Or all combined, have made so white
This Oak he dares not pass at night!
Yet,—Poet, canst thou undertake
That rustic's rod of fear to break,
And well unriddle yon white spot
By telling what the cause is *not*?
It is not age, that whitens locks,—
It is not heat, calcining rocks,—
It is not fear, with face all pale,—
Nor sorrow, with her dabbled veil,—
It is no fairy's playful spite,—
No necromancer's cunning might,—
No planet's power, nor lunar stroke,
That so has bleach'd our Postford Oak!

Come, then, O botanist profound,
Whose learned words so grandly sound,

Tell us, as half by guess you may,
The reason for this Nature's Play;
Show us from chemistry's deep laws
The changeless and sufficient cause
Why these young leaves should now be seen
Robb'd of their forest garb of green,
Unskill'd to drain such natural hues
From daily suns and nightly dews:
Prove to us out of Liebig's Boke
That yon gnarl'd boss upon our Oak
Makes leprous all these tender shoots,
Robs them of succour from the roots,
And bids them strangely stand so white
As blanch'd by guilt, or bleach'd by fright.

The Service-Yew; on Merrow Downs.

I.

When the Druid, long of old,
Solemn stalk'd in white and gold
Down among those ancient yews
Ranged in serpent avenues,
Then wert thou a sapling tree,
Then that Druid planted thee,
Thousand-winter'd son of earth
Thirty feet around in girth!

II.

Thence, amid thine old compeers
Thou hast stood these thousand years
Changeless, save for sturdier growth,
Strong in adamantine sloth,
Watching in the lapse of time
Many an outlaw's course of crime,
Gipsy's theft, and poacher's snare,
The felon's haunt, the brigand's lair,
With thicket-hidden deeds of strife,
The mangled throat, the bloody knife;
Or where underneath thy shade
Gay cavaliers their bivouac made;
Or the pilgrims rested well
Trudging to St. Catherine's cell;
Or the trampers to some fair
Joked and swore and haggled there;
Or beneath thy sheltering form
Travellers crouch'd to fence the storm.

III.

So, in vegetable strength
Down to modern days at length
Hast thou stood in sluggish power,
Ancient yew-tree, to this hour;
But how comes it that green sheaves,
A mighty stack of brilliant leaves,
High over all thy branches crown
Their gloomier mass of olive-brown?
How is it that, outspreading them,
A service-tree of sturdy stem
Born of thy solid trunk, on high
Flings forth its trophy to the sky?

IV.

O marvel!—Poet, come once more
And muse our other mystery o'er:
Is this a heathen type, forsooth,
As overgrown by gospel truth,—

The healthy service, springing new
Ungrafted, from the deadly yew?
Is it a sign of happier years
O'ertopping oldtime wrongs and fears,—
Of liberty, and light, and love,
All antique thraldoms throned above?
Is it a proof that Mercy's might
Shall whelm the reign of sin and night,
And out of darkness, death, and woe,
Breed happiness to all below?

V.

Ah, Poet!—well it is to view
Such lessons in this service-yew;
Yet, art thou stopt on fancy's wing
By any peasant's questioning,—
"As how this yew could breed and rear
"A greenleaf'd service like this here?

Come then again, botanic friend,
And bring the matter to an end:
For never human grafting did
What only happ'd as Nature bid;
Some fieldfare, thirty years ago
Or thereabouts—it must be so—
Feeding on sorbus-berries nigh,
And perch'd upon this yew hard by,
Into some crack a berry dropt,
And, snugly posted, there it stopt;
Until the seed by some good hap
Struck rootlets to its mother's lap,
And drank her sap, and upward grew
A foster nursling of the yew;
And so, it overtops the rest,
Till, like a cuckoo in the nest,
This parasite, ungrateful wight,
Its patron soon will kill outright.

A Song for Rifle-Clubs.

Hurrah for the Rifle!—In days long ago
Our fathers were fear'd for the bill and the bow,
And Edwards and Harrys in battles of old
Were proud of their archers so burly and bold:
While Agincourt, Cressy, and Poictiers long since,
With great John of Gaunt, and the gallant Black Prince,
Tell out from old pages of history still
What Englishmen did with the bow and the bill.

Hurrah for the Rifle!—When England requires,
She still shall be proud of the sons of our sires;
And rifle and bayonet then shall do more
Than ever did billhook or longbow of yore;
From hedgerow and coppice and cottage and farm
The foreigner's welcome, God wot! shall be warm,
And the crack of the rifle shall hint to the foe
How terrible once was the twang of the bow.

The Departure of the Baltic Fleet.

(WRITTEN AT THE TIME.)

I.

THE cannons have thunder'd their parting salute;
And veil'd in the clouds of that storm,
Each ship like an iceberg majestic and mute
Is lifting its pinnacled form;
The canvas is spreading and swells to the breeze,
The anchors are weigh'd, one by one,
And away the proud giants walk over the seas
With their top-gallant sails in the sun!

II.

The Sov'reign in Person is leading them out,
And—Hark to the tempest of cheers
That make her yacht reel with that heart-stirring shout,
And move her great spirit to tears!
Ah, Yes,—for this Fleet is no holiday sight,
No melodrame's beautiful scene,—
But death-dealing champions of Justice and Right
To combat for God and the Queen!

III.

And now in a terrible calm of suspense
The whole world is holding its breath,
As guessing what must be not many days hence,
Destruction and Vengeance and Death!
While steadily, sternly, the dignified Fleet
Moves forward, like Fate, on the foe,
Resolved this Disturber in battle to meet,
And crush him (please God!) at a blow.

IV.

Seal'd up in his harbours let Nicholas see
The doom of Sinope betimes,
And Revel, and Cronstadt, and Helsingfors be
The price of his blunders and crimes!
Give Aland to Sweden; and set a Police
Of Europe united and strong
In Gottland or Dago to keep the world's peace,
And fetter this Russian from wrong.

V.

God speed you! the Queen from her quarter-deck cries,
And bless you where'er you may roam!
God speed you! the heart of her people replies,
And conquerors bring you safe home!
God send you escape from all ruin and wrack,
And a speedy return to Spithead,
With half Russia's navy in chains at your back,
And half the world's Tyranny dead!

The Soldier Comforted.

I.

Away to the War has the Soldier departed,
And with him both Husband and Father are gone,—
His children, half-orphans, are left broken-hearted,
His half-widow'd wife remains weeping alone!
He goes like a Soldier—courageously, cheerly
To fight for the Right at his country's command,
But leaves with a pang lest those he loves dearly
Should pine, in his absence, for Want in the land!

II.

O when in his dreams those little ones prattle,
Let him not wake with the dread on his mind
That while he is fighting or dying in battle
The mother and babes may be starving behind!
And when at the bivouac stirring the embers
He chats with his mates of the deeds of the day,
Let him feel glad, as with thanks he remembers
That charity blesses his home far away!

III.

A loaf for the day, and a crust for the morrow,
And school for his children, and work for his wife,
Enough, to be clear of affliction and sorrow
And able to stand in the battle of life,—
Give this to your Soldier, to comfort and shield him
In those who at home are the Wanderer's care,
And all that in kindliness Here you may yield him
Be sure he'll repay you in gallantry There!

Woes for the Czar.

Guilty despot, God-forsaken,
And by Judgment overtaken,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Hypocrite, that didst dissemble,
Now in abject terror tremble,
Woe, woe to thee!

Hark! the dogs of war are gather'd,
Bear! to bait thee, closely tether'd,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Even Turkey's angry legions
Hunt thee up to thine own regions,
Woe, woe to thee!

Meaning mischief, we will do it,
Caitiff,—deeply shalt thou rue it,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
North and South our volley'd thunder
Shall thy carcase tear in sunder,
Woe, woe to thee!

France with tiger-fury hounds thee,
England's lion-might surrounds thee,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Sworn to havoc without pity,
Fleets and forts and field and city,
Woe, woe to thee!

Not that we would kill the People,
But, in sparing street and steeple,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
We will blow each fort and palace
To the bourn of Meshech's malice,
Woe, woe to thee!

Cronstadt shall be crush'd and batter'd,
As Sebastopol is shatter'd,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Meshech, Rosh, and Tubal—humbled,
To destruction shall be crumbled,
Woe, woe to thee!

We will raise the ghost of Poland,
Thine unlaid and fearful Foeland,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
We will arm the Fins and Tartars,
And Siberia's million martyrs,
Woe, woe to thee!

Moscow shall be curst as Edom,
When we give thy serfs their freedom,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Petersburg shall be as Babel,
When they find thy strength a fable,
Woe, woe to thee!

Think not kingcraft now can spare thee,
Nicholas, for doom prepare thee,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
No indulgent statesman's finger
Can avert what shall not linger,
Woe, woe to thee!

O thou tyrant, dread this hour,
When the People in its power
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
To the dust shall trample gladly
Thee, that durst to rule so madly,
Woe, woe to thee!

Greatest criminal, that ever
Roused mankind a yoke to sever,
(Woe, woe to thee,—)
Never more shall peace or slumber
Soothe thy moments, few in number,
Woe, woe to thee!

This War.

WHERE will it end?—Demolish what we may
Of forts and fleets and hecatombs of lives,
Nothing is done, while Nicholas survives
A Titan thrown but to renew the fray:
Scatheless in hostile victory's proudest day
Far off the solitary despot thrives;
And, ere we touch him, we must wade knee-deep
Through seas of servile but unguilty blood,
And, while our cannons to destruction sweep
Host after host of that serf-multitude,
He in his malachite and golden pride
Will neither heed home-woes nor foreign might,
But madly wilful thus will hide aside,
And watch secure the struggling millions fight.

The Cause.

One man,—a despot ruthless and insane,
Counted a god by his barbarian hordes,
One man, whose lustful will is sworn to gain
The whole world's throne through their fanatic swords,
He, monarch of their wills and deeds and words,
Evil, ambitious, pamper'd, proud, and vain,
Forces the contest: truly, is this war
A war of principles; for England fights,
Champion of freedom, with a tyrant Czar,
Protesting manfully for all men's rights
Against their bad enslaver: let kings reign
As God's chief servants for His people's good;
But, if both God and Man their hearts disdain,
They are rejected,—let them be withstood.

Hymns for our Day of Prayer, on the Declaration of War.

O God! our Refuge and Defence,
Most just, and merciful, and strong,
By Whose eternal Providence
The right is help'd against the wrong,
O Lord! our fathers' Friend of old,
Their children's only Succour now;
In grace forgivingly behold
Thy people who before Thee bow!

Great Judge of all in all the earth,
True Source of liberties and laws,
Thou seest that we now go forth
To combat in a righteous cause:
Duty commands our Nation's way
Reluctant to the battle-field,
And unto Thee we pray this day
To be for us both sword and shield!

Truly, we have deserved Thy wrath,—
For many sins it were most meet;
Yet, let us never tread the path
Of Thy correction in defeat:
Forgive, and speed us; for we stand
Thy combatants for truth and right;
And trust to see Thy guardian hand
Advance our standards in the fight!

We ask no glory,—but to bless,
By making wrongful wars to cease;
We seek no conquest,—but success
In leading men to live at peace:
We trust not in our ships or swords,
But in Thy Name, O Guard and Guide,
Because the battle is the Lord's,—
And God is seen on Duty's side!

II.

Be gracious, Lord, to us
  Who seek Thy face this day,
And in the time of trouble thus
  To Thee devoutly pray.

Forgive all evil past,
  And grant our Nation grace
To live as those who pray and fast
  And run the Christian race.

With alms for those in need
  We come and trust on Thee,
That Thou wilt give us power to speed
  The Right by land and sea.

From those who hate us now
  All help and safety send;
Be Thou our rock, our champion Thou,
  Our Queen-and-People's Friend!

Unwillingly we draw
The just avenging sword,
And in the name of Right and Law
Implore Thy blessing, LORD!

We strove for peace in vain,
And Mesech chose the fight;
Therefore, O Thou, by Whom kings reign,—
Our GOD! Defend the Right.

Two Harvest Hymns

FOR MDCCCLIV.

Give thanks, happy Nation! for Mercy rejoices
O'er Judgment to Triumph and fill us with food:
Be glad, O ye People! and lift up your voices
To Him who is ever the Giver of good.

What thanks shall we render?—Ah, sinful and earthy,
The praises we bring are too few and too cold,—
Redeemer! make Thou this poor offering worthy,
And pour out Thy Spirit on us, as of old.

For truly to Thee our fervent desire
Would go forth in grateful acknowledgment here,
But only Thy heart-stirring grace can inspire
The love that is life and that casteth out fear.

Ah! well may we fear Thee,—whose judgments are sounding
In thunders of wrath and in trumpets of woe;
And well may we love Thee,—whose mercies abounding
In rivers of peace and prosperity flow.

Yet let us not boast, like a Dives possessing
Garners of wheat with enough and to spare;
But humbly and thankfully taking the blessing
Praise the good Giver, and seek Him in pray'r!

Second Hymn.

Dear heart of old England! be glad and rejoice
For blessed abundance on basket and store,—
And raise the thanksgiving with national voice
To Him, by whose bounty we live evermore.

While Judgment, in pestilence, famine and sword,
Might well have rebuked us for folly and sin,
Thy Mercy hath triumph'd, and fed us, good Lord!
With plenty and health and contentment within.

Too truly, the hurricane thunders of war
Are heard in the distance and soon shall increase,
But while the storm threatens and rages afar
Our dwellings are safe in the blessings of peace:

Too truly, the angel of death in the air
Is hovering, and scarcely withholdeth his hand,
But, King of that Angel! in pity forbear,
Remember Araunah, and favour the land!

O Nation! what People beside is so blest?
What People so thankful and holy should be?
O Father and Shepherd! who givest us rest,
Thy children and sheep of Thy pasture are we.

Then, Praise be to God, for the fruits of the field,
This harvest of gold in the lap of the soil,
This grateful return Earth hasteth to yield
By Heaven's own blessing on dutiful toil!

England Approved.

I DO believe it, England! GOD hath blest thee
With all prosperities of heaven and earth
(As man may speak—) according to thy worth:
I do believe, when Duty's power possest thee
Unselfishly, yea sadly, to go forth
And bind that proud Barbarian of the North,
GOD's love went too, and as His child carest thee:
For, all the fears and perils that opprest thee,
Behold them scatter'd in the smile of Heaven!
Foes are made friends; where famine gauntly glared
Plenty and peace and happiness are given;
Even the pestilence hath stopp'd and spared
Our chasten'd homes,—though chasten'd not destroy'd,
And rich in good with thanks to be enjoy'd!

A Reply to Certain.

THAT I have loved my Saviour as I ought,
I dare not say; but I can call him LORD
The man Christ Jesus and the GOD the Word,—
And worship Him in will and deed and thought
With my poor best and truest; where He leads
(As from mine infant years I have been taught)
Thither I follow through the crowd of creeds,
And have not swerved nor changed: without His power
I could not stand, could not have stood, one hour;
But, with His help, I yet shall go straight on
Believing, and obeying, doing good,
Truthtelling, yet intolerant to none,
Giving both GOD and man my gratitude
For all I have or hope, through Christ the Son.

The Gone Before.

O SPIRITS made perfect! How dear will ye be
In the bright happy world, where affections are free,
Unfetter'd from all the heart-slavery here,
Unwarp'd by the world in its love or its fear,
Uncheck'd in their impulses—misunderstood,
Unchill'd in their warmth, and all glowing for good.
O glorious and glad! when in fulness and power
The soul shall expand like an amaranth flower,
And open her beauties for every eye,
And shed out her fragrance on all that come nigh,
And freely fly forth on the wings of a dove,
And float in a rapture of purified love!

—There, soon in the garments of praise shall I see
The spirits that here have been dearest to me,
Those beautiful darlings, by memory shrined
In the roots of the heart and the stem of the mind,
On the magical leaves of affection imprest
And burst into blossom, as spirits made blest!
How happy hereafter in union most sweet
Such cherish'd and glorified dear ones to meet!
And here, to look forward to those gone before
In the joy and the hope of such meeting once more!
And now, to look upward and feel without fear
That these are His messengers helping us here!

A. E. T.

I.

My pretty one beneath the sod,
  My pretty one beyond the sky,
My darling gone to be with God,
  And nevermore to moan or die,—
My Alice! fast asleep in flowers
  Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
How blest is such a loss as ours
  When thou art gainer by that loss!

II.

Beside the now deserted nave
Of dear old ivied Albury Church,
Beside our own ancestral grave,
Beside the desecrated porch,—
Our pretty darling lies beneath
Her matted quilt of flow'rets fair,
And at her head, as blessing death,
The cross of Jesus watches there.

III.

Sweet spirit, pure and meek and mild,
O patient martyr gone to bliss,
I love thee, my most precious child,
Too deeply to repine at this:
I long indeed to see those eyes,
And kiss their beauty o'er and o'er,
But oh! I see thee in the skies,
And there shall kiss them evermore.

Alice.

I.

Beautiful Alice, serene little saint,
My treasure!—O better than mine,—
What mind can imagine, or eloquence paint
Thy gladness and glory divine?
A bright happy spirit, made perfect and free,
On whom The Good Jesus hath smiled,
This ecstasy now hath beatified thee,
My blessed and beautiful child!

II.

Ah! fairest, and purest, and dearest of all,
Sweet babe of two years and a half,
How painful a pleasure it is to recal
The ring of thy once merry laugh;
How touching to dream of that loved little face
With its martyr-expression of pain,
And the tender blue eyes, where angelical grace
Shone patiently smiling again!

III.

What vision was ever more piteous than this,—
To watch her, so wan and so weak,
With white little hands reaching up for a kiss
When faint and unable to speak;
What memory ever so joyous,—that oft
Those dear little hands she would raise,
So tremblingly feeble, so small and so soft,
In prayer and the music of praise!

IV.

O Death, what a loveliness holy and calm,
All silently solemnly sweet,
Invested with bliss and anointed with balm
My 'babe from her face to her feet!
The silken-fringed eyelashes slept on her cheek,
And her mouth was a rosebud half-blown,
And her fingers were folded so prayerfully meek,
And her foot was a lily in stone!

V.

In an ark snowy-white with its silvery sheen,
And scatter'd with flow'rets of spring,
Deep under the turf all mossy and green,
We have left thee, thou dear little thing!
In hope, though in grief,—in affection and prayer,
Assured of the soon coming hour
When that precious root, buried tearfully there,
Shall shoot up again as a flower!

VI.

With hyacinth bulbs we have yearningly traced
In her garden her musical name,
And know that wherever each bulb hath been placed
It surely shall blossom the same;
So thou, hidden rootlet of life and of light,
Though seeming to moulder away,
Shalt break away bright from the prison of Night
To bloom for Eternity's day!

VII.

My glorified Alice! look joyously down
Wherever in spirit thou art,
And suffer the gleam of thy wings and thy crown
To gladden the eyes of my heart!
Those thin picking fingers, at rest from all pain,
Stretch forth from the skies for a kiss,—
That faltering tongue, let me hear it again,
"P'aying p'ayers," as a spirit in bliss!

VIII.

My beauty! my darling! my precious! my prize!
My cherub, my saint, and my sweet!
My child that hast won the bright goal of the skies,
My herald in heaven to meet!
O thanks be to God, that His bountiful love
To me the glad blessing hath given,
My babe—to be heir of His glory above,
My daughter—His daughter in Heaven!

In Memoriam W. G. T.

Alas! how little have I known thee, Brother,
How lightly prized the riches of thy worth;
How seldom sought thee out to cherish thee,
And sun my spirit in thy light of love!
How have I let the world and all its ways,
Absence and distance, cares and interests,
The many poor excuses that we make
For lax communion with a brother's heart,—
How have I stood aside, and left such tares
To grow up rank, and choke the precious seed!
How have I let such fogbanks of reserve,
Such idle clouds of undesign'd neglect
Hide from my spirit thy most lovely light!

—Alas! too late:—but that we meet again,—
Where spirits are made perfect; and shall glow
With happier fervour in each other's joy;
For this our introductory world doth lead

To one where all is open, heart with heart
Commingling intimately as flame with flame:
Oh, not too late, dear Brother! for my soul
Was ever yearning secretly on thee;
Was ever full of thoughts unshown, unspoken,
That from the censer of affection rose
In ceaseless love for thee, my gentle Brother!
For, if an angel ever walk'd this earth
In blessed ministration of all good,
In meekness, patience, purity and truth,
In self-denying, and self-sacrificing,
In holiness and cheerfulness of life,
And all things else of beautiful and kind,
—Alas! we little heeded all *thy* worth
Till we had lost this angel unawares!

Blindness.

O PITIFUL! to watch those precious eyes,
Those kindled diamonds with their sunny light,
Changing from orbs of day to orbs of night,—
Dimming to pearls!—for Providence most wise
So hath decreed of thee, my poor pale child;
And we shall see thy face, so soft and mild,
Looking up blank and sightless to the skies!
Well,—we will love thee more, and be more kind,
Cheer thee in heart, and cherish thee in mind;
And gentle music shall delight thee much,
And Memory with her pictures,—and Content,—
And,—who can tell? for we have heard of such,—
Art yet may reach thee with her healing touch,
And bring those eyes again from banishment.

On a Child still-born.

I.

Born, but to die!—O happier lot than ours,
Born to do battle in this world of strife
With cares and wrongs and wants and woes of life,
Guilt that o'erclouds and Evil that o'erpowers
Our threescore years and ten with sorrows rife:
Born, but to die! O favour'd little one,
So soon and easily to overleap
Sin's moat, drawn black all round us broad and deep,
And in the glory of a brighter sun
To spring at once to Eden's greenest bowers!
Yes, happy innocent, thy goal is won
Without one effort but that waking sleep,
Winning the race though scarcely well begun,
And ripe for bliss though never taught to weep!

II.

Not blest? not saved? Who dares to doubt all well
With holy Innocence, a Christian seed?
Presumptuous priest,—I scorn thy bigot creed,
And tell thee,—truer than the Fathers tell,—
That babes unborn are Jesu's lambs indeed!
Thou teachest, that, as if by magic force,
A rite, a formula, redeems from hell,—
A drop of water saving as of course,—
And this unspilt, no Grace!—O heathen spell,
Rome's heresy!—there is a surer source
Of baptism for the soul than thou canst give,
And Christian parents dip their children there
Unborn, or born, to die, as well as live,
In Heaven's own font of faith and hope and pray'r.

Winterhalter's Royal Children.

How pleasantly from out their arches golden
These faces smile on me; how kindly they
By beauteous love my loyalty embolden,
And round my heart-springs like a sunbeam play,
And with sweet voices to my spirit say
Up! our true knight,—as in the tourneys olden,—
Stand thou for us against all evil tongues!
In truth, O Royal Children of my Queen
My spirit vows, I will!—'twas ever seen
In this poor world that calumnies and wrongs
Afflict the highest; it hath sometimes been
A mouse may save the lion from a snare;
So, may my true devotion help to spare
From any grief these gracious looks serene.

Genius bound: a Model.

DURHAM,—I well appreciate thy thought,
This pleading epic builded up of clay,
This new-created clod, so cold and gray
Yet so mindsodden and with feeling fraught,
To exquisite perfection slowly wrought
By thy true zeal through many a night and day:
Still must it be as it hath ever been,
Genius is bound; his eagle wings are caught
In the old serpent's coil; his hands are seen
Powerless at his side; his glances keen
Proclaim a quiet holy baffled strength,—
No vulgar struggle with constraining fate,
No concentrated wilfulness of hate,
But calm resolve to soar aloft at length.

The Paris Gathering.

I.

Once more in the tourney of Science and Art
Our chivalrous millions contend;
Ready and willing with head and with hear
To do what we can on Humanity's part
As neighbour, and brother, and friend.

II.

For Commerce and Freedom and Truth to advance,
For growth of the good and the wise,—
In generous rivalry breaking a lance
We go to be guests of magnanimous France,
And tilt for Utility's prize.

III.

In generous rivalry,—seeing we must,—
Our armies have gone to the war,
To trample Ambition's brute force to the dust,
And succour the weak in the cause that is just,
And baffle this truculent Czar.

IV.

In generous rivalry now, side by side,
We conquer by land and by sea,
From Aland to Alma as brothers allied
We fight and we bleed,—we have triumph'd and died—
Together, to set the world free!

V.

And in the like kindliness, here in the West
As there in the storm-driven East,
We bring for each other the first and the best,
And spread—that the world may be better'd and blest—
Our great international feast.

VI.

Give glory to God for such hearty goodwill,
Uniting traditional foes,—
That both our ambitions are satisfied still
With conquests of science and triumphs of skill
And trophies unpurchased by woes.

VII.

How happily better than days that are past
When trophies were bought by the sword,—
When victories rode on the hurricane blast,
And enmities threaten'd for ever to last,
And neighbour his neighbour abhorr'd!

VIII.

Yes! well to be cherish'd, O brothers and friends,
Is such an alliance as this,—
Where each in forgiveness sincerely extends
The right hand of fellowship, making amends,
And pays for a blow with a kiss.

Progress.

THESE twenty years,—how full of gain to us,
To common humble multitudinous Man!
How swiftly Providence advances thus
Our flag of progress flaming in the van!
This double decade of the world's short span
Is richer than two centuries of old;
Richer in helps, advantages, and pleasures,
And all things wealthy—even down to gold—
To all of every class in equal measures:
We travel quicker now than Isthmians might;
In books we drink of more than Hebe's chalice;
All wonders of the world at one glad sight
We find in our luxurious Crystal Palace;
And everywhere we see that right is might.

True Nobility.

Avaunt—Exclusions cold and proud!—
  Your doom is come, your day is past;
  Not even Fashion dares to cast
Contempt upon the common crowd.

The lofty noble now must bend
  To own his humbler brother-man,
  And stoop to teach the artisan
In hope betimes to make a friend.

It will not do to stand aside;
Rank has its duties, as its dues;
The latter will we not refuse,
If met with anything but pride.

It shall not serve, that old-time plan
Of making worship cling to birth;
A magnate shorn of private worth
Is but the scorn and shame of Man.

O Rank! from nobler sires derived,
O Wealth! purse-rich but nothing more,
Grow worthier of your state and store
Or of their homage go deprived.

The time is come for truer things,
When honour, love, and all beside,
Refused to supercilious pride,
Is paid to peasants as to kings.

For both alike are brethren true,
  Each in his station doing right,—
  Beheld in superhuman light
GOD's servants, earning wages due.

None will deny the first and best,
  To king and noble gladly given,
  If they but live as, under Heaven,
Set in high place to help the rest:

But let them heed this mighty truth,—
  (Which, for their weakness, we would ken
  Indulgently as due to men
Pamper'd in age and snared in youth)—

If pride, or lust, or sloth forlorn
  Dim and defile their high estate,
  Our willing love is turn'd to hate,
Our ready homage smiles in scorn.

Railway Times.

I.

O RAPID days, electric hours,
Flashing with all that kindles life,—
O shifting scene of suns and showers,—
O melodrame of love and strife,—
Such stirring racing days as these
Are all too full of strong effects
For stale simplicity to please,
Or equal what the world expects.

II.

Time was, a wonder lived nine days,
And sorry talents grew to fame;
But now, one minute's curious gaze
Is all we give to note or name:
Glutted with news of all things strange,
We scarcely care to watch the turns
Our quick kaleidoscope of Change
Is working in the world's concerns.

III.

The foaming river of events
Rushes adown its rocky steep,
And causes, facts, and consequents
Are hurl'd together in a heap,
And keen Excitement's rainbow light
Hangs iridescent o'er the fall
Of waters rushing in their might,
Solemnly overwhelming all,—

IV.

Ay,—a Niagara-life is ours!
No rest, but ever hurried on
By the great deep's gigantic powers,
By the strong wind Euroclydon,—
Yea, by the mighty flood of fate,
Yea, by the gale of human crimes
We speed along, as if "too late"
Were the great terror of the times.

V.

The lotus-eaters all are dead;
There is no nook for quiet thought;
The halcyon birds of peace are fled,
And calm contentments come to nought;
Spur on,—spur on! our steeds are strong,
No need to spare them in the pace;
With reckless energy headlong
We all resolve to win the race.

VI.

O day of hot competing strife!
O crowded scene of struggling sin!
What chance of any prize in life
Has any tyro battling in?
The rarest worth wins little gold;
Wisdom has barely wit to live;
What chance, compared with calms of old,
Does all our hurly-burly give?

VII.

What chance?—my counsel is, keep still;
They do not drown who lie afloat,—
And quietness sets free the will
To pilot well the crankest boat;
And,—he that stands aloof from strife,
Calmly resolved to thread the maze,
Shall quell to his Success in life
The riot of these rapid days.

An Aspiration.

O THAT I had a pastor near my home
Honest and earnest, wise and good and kind,
A man of gracious heart and vigorous mind,
Untainted by the pestilence of Rome:
How gladly would I recognise in such
The guide, the brother, and the priest combined;
With hearty help, albeit perchance not much,
Standing beside him, strengthening his hands,—
While he, uniting all men by the bands
Of Christian fellowship and social love,
Himself should illustrate what GOD commands,
Lift up our hearts to fix their hopes above,
And as the minister of Heaven be found
The honour'd friend of every neighbour round!

The Heart's Gallop.

A MINDFUL man, but hearted like a child,
Lived near my dwelling: he was frank and glad;
Though many sorrows might have made him sad,
But, to say sooth, his cheerfulness beguiled
The way of life so well, that trouble's power
Was half unheeded, like a passing shower:
Still as he went he sang, hoping the best,
And restless energy claim'd every hour,
And with a buoyant spirit he was blest:
One day we rode together on the grass,
Talking of bygone years and all the rest
So look'd for and so swiftly seen to pass,
When, as my gloomier spirit sigh'd Alas!
Thus to his pony's gallop keeping time
His heart exulting pour'd itself in rhyme:—

Huzzah,—huzzah!

For so much thrown behind my back,
And so many patches of light on my track,
And so much done, and so much won,
And life's race hitherto honestly run,
For honour, and hope, and enough, and to spare,
And perfect Providence everywhere,
For peace and pleasure by nights and days,
Huzzah! give GOD the praise!

Huzzah for the past, whatever betide;
Huzzah! in piety, not in pride:
Grateful and glad may the spirit be seen,
And humble at heart, though triumphant in mien,
While Sincerity sings right out
Where Vanity lying would darken with doubt,—
For happiness, honour, and help always,
Huzzah! give GOD the praise!

Yes,—for friends on every shore,
Loving and blessing us more and more,—
Yes,—for a sowing in every clime,
To bud and to bear to the end of time,—
Yes,—for a reaping rare and good,
A heavenly harvest of angels' food,
Mercies, comforts, pardoning love,
And grace upon earth, and glory above,
O friend! with me our chorus raise,
Huzzah! give God the praise!

ΘΕΩ ΔΟΞΑ.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

00052499

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016